

ARIZONA KICKER.

A GREAT SPEECH MADE BY A GREAT EDITOR.

It is Received with the Most Unqualified Approval, and the Efforts of the Opposition Fail to Make Any Great Impression—The Canvass Is Opened.

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OUR GREAT SPEECH.—We shall be nominated to run for state senator in this district. If we had any doubts of it up to last Monday night we have had none since. We opened our campaign that evening at Jack's Point. It had been extensively advertised that we would speak there, and on our arrival we found a crowd of several hundred men. They were not exactly all yeomen, who had been coaxed, bribed or driven in like so many cattle to hoot us off the platform. We expected it and went prepared.

We were introduced to the audience by Captain Jack Scott, who paid us a beautiful and touching tribute. Tears sprang unbidden to our eyes as we listened to his story of our hardships and our determination to conquer or die. He compared us to Washington at Valley Forge, and the mighty cheer that arose from the audience could have been heard three miles away. He spoke of our private graveyard, and the hiss of displeasure started by our narrow minded, esteemed contemporary, who was on hand in hopes to see us downed, was drowned in a Niagara of applause. He alluded to THE KICKER as the sunbeam of the mighty west, and to our majority as the reign of peace and good will, and the heavens were rent with thunderous shouts of admiration. Our esteemed contemporary collapsed about that time, but as after events proved he was not yet entirely discouraged.

When we led forward we began speaking as if we had summered and wintered with Henry Clay for the last dozen years. [Cries of "Put him out!"] While we knew it to be the effort of our life, we were as cool and collected as on the day we split Jim Thompson's ears with right and left hand fists. [Hoots and yells and hisses, mostly started by our esteemed.] As was afterward remarked, we knew exactly what that audience wanted. We skipped the garden of Eden—dodged the whole which swallowed Jonah—twisted around the fall of Rome, and only just touched the pyramids of Egypt as we galloped past. [Yells of "Shoot him off the platform!"] After we were down to the Revolutionary war we realized that we had our audience with us. [Yells of "Go hang yourself!"] When we got down to where the bell of Liberty set its notes reverberating across the American continent the applause became so deafening that we had to pause for two minutes.

THREE BULLETS PASSED THROUGH OUR HAT. [Another collapse by our esteemed.] When the applause died away we formed this glorious Union of States, put George Washington at the head of the Continental army, and then proceeded to lick the British out of their boots. We probably piled it on a little thick, but everything goes out here in a political campaign. [Cheers for the speaker, which was not mingled with the noise of a fight near the door.]

When we struck the hat of 1812 the outburst of enthusiasm lifted the roof two feet high. [Yells by unestimated of "Why don't somebody shoot him!"] When we got along down to the Mexican war nothing could longer hold our audience. From our position on the platform we saw seven flags in progress at once, and were pleased to observe our esteemed contemporary crawling under a bench for safety. We had intended to bring matters down to the present date, but the enthusiasm of the audience prevented. When a majority of any crowd out this way makes up its mind that a speaker is sound on the goose question he needn't break any more suspenders in furnishing additional proofs. While we were waiting to go on three bullets passed through our hat and two dead jackass rabbits fell at our feet. In return for the compliment our crowd cleaned the opposition off the grounds and rounded up six fingers, a couple of eyes, somebody's chin, four ears, thirteen pistols and a basket of knives. The meeting closed with a volcano of enthusiasm, during which we were carried around in triumph on the shoulders of Arizona patriots.

The canvass may be said to have fully opened. We realize that we are to be opposed by a vindictive and malicious minority, whose motto is, "Rule or ruin," but we firmly believe that we shall come out on top of the heap. We shall speak at Lone Tree on Monday evening, and we hope to be greeted by an audience just as full of ardor and enthusiasm. We shall ship 2,000 extra cartridges by stage tomorrow, and about seventy patriots will go over with us and help make the meeting a glorious success.

BROTHER GARDNER ON DOCTRINES.

He Says Religion Depends a Great Deal on the Man.

"When a pious man tooken into dis club as a member," said Brother Gardner, as the regular order of business was concluded, "we don't ax what his religion is. We don't even find out if he's got any 'tall, though we hope he's at least a believer. It has somehow happened that we has got in a sprinklin of Methodists, a sprinklin of Baptists, a sprinklin of Presbyterians and a few Universalists and an Exalted Brethren. While our bylaws expressly forbid any religion discussion among members, it has cum a good deal of it givine on. 'Deed, but it was only two days ago dat Waydown Bebee, who am a regular tall Methodist, got into a row wid Elder Toots, who am a two story Baptist, an dey split each other's blood widout settlin de pint as to which was de best religion. I shall up de same fine of \$35.00 on each one, an dey will beaf stand suspended from de club till de same am paid up. It's no use of bevin bylaws unless we lib up to em."

"An now 'bout religion. I've tried mos' all kinds in my day, an I find 'em all 'bout alike. I went from de Baptist cher to de Methodist becase a brudder sold me a blind mawl. I left de Methodist becase a brudder borrowed my coffee mill an wouldn't return it. De Presbyterian doctrine suited me all right, but a brudder sold me a watch widout any wheels in it. I jest got comfortably settled among de Universalists when I backed a note fur a brudder an had it to

pay. I was gittin along fine wid de United Brethren when I missed so much of my woodpile dat I loaded a stick an blowed up de family ob de man who had de pew right in front ob me. Den I sorter ambled back down de scale till I struck de Methodist agin, an I've stickin right dar. I hev disklivered dat it hain't in de religion 'tall. It's all in de man. If de Lawd made a man pizen mean to begin wid yo' may chuck him full o' sechen different kinds o' religion widout makin a decent puzson o' him."

"I h'ar talk 'bout dis doctrine an dat doctrine, but I don't go a red cent on doctrines. Dar am no short cuts to heaben. If yo' wish to git dar' yo' has got to go around all de elbows an climb all de hilla. I've knowed men who war' great sticklers



"IT'S ALL IN DE MAN."

for doctrine to steal sheep. I've knowed men who carried pounds of doctrine around in deir coat tal pockets to leave town between two days, so as not to get goodby to de sheriff. Heah am a case in pint. Waydown Bebee an Elder Toots each claimed de only doctrine by which anybody could squeeze into heaben widout rubbin de hide off. Dey was so bigoted dat dey had a fount about it. One of dese doctrine men has owed me three dollars borrowed money fur a yar, an de odder broke my wheelbarrow an lied about it.

"I've got a doctrine o' my own dat I'm libin by. I pay my debts, keep sober, use my family right, help de distressed, try to speak wid of eberybody, an eitheer speak de troof or keep my head shet. I'm seen at church on Sunday, turn up party reg'lar at Thursday evenin prayer meetins, and if anybody sticks me wid a lend nickel I melt it up to mend de holes in de washdish. If de ole woman feels like gwine to de circus I take her, an arter we has seen de Bengal tiger we passses in to witness de performance. I has bin seen at cakewalks an boss races, an arter de cofn has bin hussed at a huskin bee I has bin observed to take de ole woman on my arm an lead de fast cotillon. Mebbe my religion hain't a good one an won't pass me frow de gates, but I s'ide best I've bin able to scratch up arter thirty y'ars of beekin around, an I've gwine to keep peggin away wid it."

"I s'ay to yo' all dat yo' may hev doctrines by de dozen, creeds by de score, an worship arter any fashion dat pleases yo' best, but don't bring no argyments in heah. Don't argy anywar! If yo's got de best doctrine don't giv it away. If yo's got de best de bulge on de angel business keep shet. Keep all de advantage yo' kin git ober de odder feller. I don't ax nobody to accept my sort o' religion. While dar's no patent on it, and while I'm willin to sheer it, I've jest as liberal 'bout all odder kinds. We will now wrap up our various sorts an kinds of doctrines an creeds an put 'em under our arms an go home."

HAVING FUN WITH BILL.

A Man from Buffalo Wanted to Lick Him.

"Gentlemen," said the old farmer as he came up the steps of the hotel veranda, "I'm a Christian man and a prayin man, and may the Lord forgive me for what I'm about to do!"

"What are you about to do?" asked one of the crowd.

"I'm about to ask if there is anybody among you who kin put on the boxin gloves and knock my son Bill into de middle of next week. Bill is twenty years old, and he's got a fit on to be a prize fighter. I've talked and talked, but it don't do no good. He's as sot as a mule, and nuthin will change him till somebody comes along and knocks his chin off."

"Where is your son?" asked the man who had spoken before.



SOME OF YOU BOYS HELP ME OVER TO THE HOTEL.

"Over here in a place they call the rink. He's even blown around that he's goin to open a boxin skule. Consarn him, but he thinks I don't know putty!"

"And you want some one to put on the gloves and crack his jaw?"

"I dew, and I'll give the cracker five dollars fur his work. Do you scrap, as they call it?"

"Just a little—just enough to make your son Bill see about a million stars while he is falling. I'm feeling pretty well this mornin, and will go over and tickle William on the chin."

"Good! The five is yours if you do it. Hain't you a drummer?"

"Yes, I travel for a Buffalo house, but no no no reason why I can't have some fun with your son Bill."

"Not a bit of it. Don't break his neck or anything, but put him to sleep, as they call it. You know how to do it."

The drummer looked like an athlete, and from the confident smile on his face we had no doubt of his prowess as a boxer. The whole crowd went over to the rink, and Bill was found mending a rip in an old glove. He was long and lanky. He had white eyebrows and a vacant expression in his twinkling colored eyes. A number of the villagers dropped in, and pretty soon the drummer picked up a glove and said:

"Wonder if there is any one around here who can box?"

"I believe my son Bill over thar does a little boxin," replied the old man as he happened in just then.

"Does he? Here—you—want to put on the gloves?"

"I don't keer," replied Bill, and he slowly got up and thrust his big sunburned paws into a pair of gloves.

"Play him a couple of minits and then crack him," whispered the father.

As the two squared off Bill appeared as awkward as a haycock on stilts, but for all that the drummer failed to get in on him.

After about a minute and while we were wondering why Bill didn't drop, the Buffalo man suddenly fell in a heap and lay like a log. It took us ten minutes to bring him to.

It took him another ten to locate his surroundings and say:

"Some of you boys help me over to the hotel and then get a doctor to set my jaw."

"I thought you was goin to make Bill see stars," said the old man as he came up.

"You go away, you old villain!"

"Gentlemen, listen to him! As I'm a

Christian man and a prayin man, I had the oxen and cart all ready behind the rink to load Bill in and take him home to de. I didn't 'spose Bill could knock a grasshopper off a post. Won't some of the rest of you gentlemen put up your dukes, as they call it, and slam him to hush? It's five dollars fur the slammer."

But William waited in vain. No slammer appeared, and an hour later the old man passed the hotel on his way home and yelled at his oxen:

"Haw, thar, Nero—gee up, Buck! Whoa, now! Gentlemen, I'm mighty sorry, but I was deceived in Bill myself. Stand still, Buck! If any the rest of you should feel like—"

But we rose up and threw chairs at him, and drove him away.

No Hair Needed.

"Now, gentlemen," began the fakir, as he arranged half a hundred bottles on a temporary table at the street corner, "I am here to sell the original and only Patagonian Hair Renewer. It has been in use for thirty-two years, and has been tried by millions of people, and yet I have never heard of an instance where it failed to act as warranted. If it fails to produce a growth of new hair on the head within six weeks I agree to forfeit \$500. I have deposited the money in the Second National bank and shall be here about three months. Who buys the first bottle for a dollar?"

"Look a-here, mister!" said an old man as he pressed forward, "wasn't you down to Skinnerville last spring?"

"Skinnerville? I believe I was."

"Wasn't you sellin this same stuff down there?"

"Stuff? I was selling my Patagonian Hair Renewer, sir?"

"Wasn't you to look at my head," continued the old chap as he uncovered a poll as smooth and shiny as a new dinner plate. "I bought a bottle of that stuff."

"Stuff! Do you mean my Hair Renewer?"

"Exactly. You warranted it to force a growth of new hair inside of six weeks. I used it. What's the growth? What's the new hair?"

"My friend," said the fakir as he grew very solemn, "do you recall the words blown into the glass?"

"No, I don't remember."

"Then let me jog your recollection. It says on every bottle, 'Not warranted in the case of an old baldheaded cunk looking for a third wife.' Now, then, you were looking, weren't you?"

"Yess, I was looking, and I got her, too, and you kin go to put with your old white wash."

"My friend, I—"

"And I got a hundred acre farm with her, and she's expectin a thousand dollars back pension, and if I was sixty-five years younger I'd lick you outer yer bates fur a deceiver!"

"My friend, I—"

"Growth of new hair be burned!" shouted the old man as he backed off. "Didn't be no new hair, nor any hair at all. She'd bin lovin me fur twenty years, and jumped at the chance to hev me! Go to ballhawk with yer old Patagonian dishwater and don't never speak to me agin!"

M. QUAD.

She Admitted All.

He looked troubled as he took his accustomed seat in the parlor, and finally he burst out:

"Maude, have you deceived me?"

"If," she exclaimed, "I, Reginald! How can you even think of such a thing?"

"No, no," he said, "I cannot be true. And yet—and yet—Maude, do you remember that man who sat just ahead of us at the theater last night?"

She gave a barely perceptible start as she asked, "That dapper little fellow with a waxed mustache?"

"Yes," he replied gravely. "Heard him talking familiarly of you between the acts."

"Of me?" She was nervous; even he could not help noticing that.

"Of you," he reiterated. "He said you had one of the smallest waists in the city."

"He dared!"

"He did. He said it had changed an eighteen of an inch in eighteen months. When he last put his arm around it it was the same perfect!"

"Did—did you strike him, Reginald?" she asked anxiously.

"No," he replied. "Why should I make a scene and drag your name into it?"

"Thank heaven for that," she exclaimed gratefully.

"Maude, Maude," he cried wildly. "He is something to you?"

"Nothing; I swear it!" replied the beautiful girl.

"But his words! his words! Are they true?"

"His arm has been around that waist!"

"Within the week," she admitted reluctantly. "But hear me, Reginald!"

"Unhappy woman!" he cried as he rose to leave. "Thus do I!"

"Hear me! hear me!" she pleaded. "I swear!"

He stopped in the doorway.

"I will hear you," he said with determination. "I will hear his name. Give it me that I may ask him out. Whose he?"

"My baby making," remarked the beautiful girl blushing. "He is making a traveling dress for our wedding tour now."

Detroit Free Press.

Further Use for It.

He—Don't you intend to give me back that ring I gave you last summer?

She (firmly), No, sir.

He (desperately)—Well, will you let me borrow it for a few months?—New York Herald.

A Powerful Stimulant.

Hospital Nurse (to patient who has had a narrow escape)—Come, cheer up, suppose you take a nice walk to the cemetery—that'll liven you up a bit!—Nouvelles a la Main.

Cures for Snake Bites.

Some one has discovered that the leaves of a bitter aromatic plant (Aristolochia indica) if bruised into a pulp, mixed with a little water and swallowed will often cure the bite of the Indian cobra.

It has been known to cure even when the victim showed no sign of life save warmth of the body, but the most general remedy is the snake stone. Professor Faraday has found this to be made of charred bone. It is applied to a bite, and when it drops off of its own accord the patient is said to be out of danger. These stones are used also in Mexico.—St. Nicholas.

The Polite Conductor.

It was on a Back Bay horse car. At a street she stopped the car, and upon reaching the crowded platform attempted to get off on the wrong side. "The other side, madam," said the conductor. "I want to get off on this side," she insisted. "You can't do it, madam," was the reply. "Conductor!" she exclaimed indignantly, "I want to get off on this side of the car," whereupon the polite official of the west end in a loud voice remarked, "Gentlemen, please stand aside and let the lady climb the gate."—Boston Transcript.

A Simple Test for Milk.

The following test for watered milk is simplicity itself: A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will act adhe-

re to the needle.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Interesting Facts About Richmond's Citizens and Other Matters.

Miss Rosalie Pleasant is visiting friends in Connecticut.

Mr. Alexander H. Myer has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Mary Bradley is still quite sick at her residence on West Cary street.

The Misses Palmer, of 21 West Marshall street, have returned from New York.

Judge Witt was kept busy in the hustings court yesterday with trying civil cases.

Major Lewis Ginter and Miss Arrents, his niece, are now en route home from abroad.

Major and Mrs. B. H. Nash have returned from a charming summer in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Randolph Harrison, of Lynchburg, is visiting Mrs. H. M. Smith, Jr., 312 south Fourth street.

Mrs. William Chisholm, of Baltimore, is the guest of her father, Mr. Edgar Gannett, on east Franklin.

Mr. Charles Wortham, Jr., has located his family for the winter at Mrs. William Simpkins', on east Grace street.

General T. M. Logan's family have returned from their country place and are at home, on west Franklin.

The marriage of Miss Emma Tyler and Mr. Colton Chapman will take place at All Saints' church on October 14th.

Mrs. P. A. Fore, nee Annie Bell Christian, of Alma, N. C., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. William R. Lee, 718 east Clay.

Miss Nettie G. Baker and Miss Maud S. Cooke, of Staunton, are visiting Mrs. James Gordon, 410 east Grace street.

The Misses Martha Vaughan and Mary Patterson, of Petersburg, are visiting the Misses Gray of south Fifth street.

Mrs. T. C. Williams, Miss Mary Williams and Mr. Thomas C. Williams have gone to California, and will travel for some weeks.

Miss Lucina H. Jones, of Petersburg, and Miss Susan Lee, of Norfolk, are visiting Miss Saline Cullen Epps, 240 south Third street.

The regular meeting of the Methodist Sunday-School Society of this city is called for this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at Trinity church.

Mrs. Lucy Ford, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Whitlock, left yesterday for New York to spend several months.

The Virginia Chess Association will meet in annual session, their seventh, at the Richmond Chess Club on the night of October 15th.

Mr. Ike Syde, formerly of this city, passed through here yesterday from Atlanta, Ga., on his way to Philadelphia, where he will make his home.

The Rev. Hartley Carmichael preaches at Grace church to-night in the absence of the Rev. Dr. C. L. Mason, who is ill in Fauquier county.

Mrs. Walter K. Martin has taken the house of Mr. Breeden, east Grace street.

Mrs. William Ferguson and family will be with her this winter.

Mr. Charles W. Lee, master mechanic at the Richmond and Danville shops, Salisbury, N. C., returned last night after spending several days with friends in the city.

Mr. Hatcher will preach special sermons today at his church, and at both services Mr. Hadden Watkins will be heard.

The Howitzer monument is to be unveiled through Lee street, Grove and Park avenues. The Howitzer Association is to meet Tuesday at 6 P. M. at the office of Mr. F. D. Hill to arrange details.

In the trades parade on Thursday the Stuart Horse Guard turned out sixty-three men and thirty horses, and the services were turned out by a cavalry company in Virginia. The guard deserves considerable credit.

Mr. William Foker, well-known in this city, a brother of Major Charles Foker and Mr. Louis Foker, was burned out at his restaurant in South street, Baltimore, on the morning of yesterday. His friends here will regret to learn of his loss.

Rev. W. L. Wright will occupy his pulpit at Leigh-street Baptist church this morning at 10 o'clock and to-night at 8 o'clock. His subject for the morning discourse will be "The Cry of the Orphan." At night his theme will be "The Burial of the Wicked."

Miss Margie Lyman, a beautiful daughter of the national capital, who has been visiting Mrs. Paynter, No. 1010 West Main street, returned to her home yesterday. By her charming manners and beauty she made many friends during her stay in Richmond.

The police at Seventh and Broad yesterday afternoon had all they could do. Street cars rolled up with alarming rapidity and pedestrians were forced to make an effort to cross the street. The blue-coated individuals were even to the occasion, however, and fortunately there were no accidents.

In "Starlight" Veronica Jarbeau and her company wear beautiful costumes. Many of them were purchased in Europe this summer when Miss Jarbeau "did the Continent," and the artistic ideas of Worth play no unimportant part in the pretty toilet ensemble. Jarbeau, particularly, has beautiful gowns, and she changes her costumes fully eight times during the performance.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Kanawha K. Watkins to Mr. Ernest M. Hunter on October 5th at Ironton, Ohio. Mr. Hunter is a well-known traveling salesman for the Richmond China Company, and enjoys the high esteem of the business community of this city. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter is at Albemarle, W. Va.

Two ladies and a baby were in a phonograph on Broad street yesterday afternoon about 8 o'clock. When they reached the corner of Seventh one of the front wheels broke, the horse became excited, and for a moment every one thought there would be a splendid equestrian spectacle. However, by a runaway. One of the ladies and baby dismounted from the vehicle safely.

Mr. George R. Schlesinger, of Baltimore, who has been in the Press office for several months in charge of the new type-setting machines, leaves to-morrow for Fort Worth, Tex., where he will superintend the putting up of machines in a printing office. Mr. Schlesinger is a perfect master of his trade, and the boys in the office have come to the conclusion that he can make a type-setting machine with a piece of tin and a screw-driver. His departure from the Press is regretted, as he has made many friends.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh's Reasons.

Judge Graham, holding a place on the bench of the United States Court, apparently does not deem it advisable to make any public statement with the reasons for parting company with the Republican party, but he makes no secret of the fact, or of the causes that have impelled him to take that course.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, holding no public office, regards it as his duty as an independent citizen to make known in a public manner his reasons for supporting the Democratic party in the present campaign. His letter to the Secretary of the Massachusetts Reform Club furnishes a clear statement of the reasons which are doubtless working in the minds of thousands of less conspicuous Republicans and determining them to withdraw their support from a party which no longer represents their convictions upon the important issues of the day. The convictions of such men have not changed since the day when the Republican party was devoted to principles and was promising a reform of the tariff and a removal of taxes that had been justified by the necessities of a war revenue.

When Mr. MacVeagh was a member of Garfield's Cabinet he was in full harmony with his party, and in the position which it professed to hold then is the position which he holds to-day on what are now the leading public questions.

Four years ago the policy embodied in the Force bill was supposed to have been abandoned, and nobody imagined it was to be revived.

When Mr. MacVeagh, a public sentiment, even in the Republican party, demanded that he should lead the audacious politicians who led the majority in the Fifty-first Congress saw fit to revive it, and the President made known his zealous desire for their success. The effort to pass the Force bill, which so narrowly escaped succeeding, created no effective opposition in public opinion, and the signs of popular disapproval lead the politicians to dissemble a purpose which they have not given up. Their object was to give

the Federal Government a control over elections which would enable the party in power to intrude itself so that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to dislodge it by the popular suffrage of the country. Mr. MacVeagh, while condemning the policy of the Force bill, does not dwell upon it at length, but he points out the significance of the fact that only two years ago it was "warmly and ardently supported" by the Republican party in Congress. It furnishes one reason why he can no longer support the party or its candidate.

But his principal reason is to be found in the policy embodied in the McKinley tariff—a policy which in 1878 was warmly opposed by Garfield and by Senator Sherman, and which is utterly in conflict with the measure of tariff reform proposed by the Republican Commission in 1883. He sees in it a bargain between those who sought to obtain a bounty from the Government to be paid from the earnings of the people, and the very wealthy owners of most of our protected industries.

Mr. MacVeagh finds in the economic evils and the inequality and injustices of the system the least of the injuries wrought by the McKinley tariff, for "while such a system endures, political corruption is absolutely sure to increase," as it not only invites but requires "the constant use of money, both at the polls and in Congress." He properly connects with it also the evils and perils of the silver inflation of 1890, which is already threatening disaster. The purchases required by the act of that year were, in effect, a heavy tax offered to silver producers to secure the support of their representatives for the tariff system by which others were to profit. The abuses of an extravagant and indiscriminate pension system had the same injurious source. They entered into the bargain for a support of the tariff bill and afforded a pretext for the enormous revenue it was to yield.

As Mr. MacVeagh sees the Republican party "definitely committed to the policy of taxing the people for the purpose of giving bounties to such persons or interests as can secure the necessary votes in Congress," so he finds the Democratic party "definitely committed to the policy of restricting taxation to the needs of the Government for public purposes alone." He is convinced that the causes in which he is interested "cannot hope for success until the avowed policy of the Republicans on this subject is overturned." Until then, he says, the right of each State to control elections within its borders will not be secure; there will be no prospect of enjoying the single and stable standard of value which other civilized and commercial nations possess. There will be no hope of placing the pension system on the regulation of immigration upon a just and proper basis; the purification of politics will remain an "iridescent dream"; the pretended reform of the civil service will prove a delusion and a snare, and even ballot reform will be liable to be betrayed in the hands of the pretended